



A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE.

CURIOUS OLD PRINT, FROM MR. P.'S COLLECTION, ORIGINALLY SUPPOSED TO BE A GENUINE GILLRAY, BUT FOUND TO BE SPURIOUS ON A QUESTION OF DATES.

MESSRS. SURFEIT AND FATTEN, CRAMMERS,

Prepare young gentlemen for the Army.

By their new scientific process Messrs. SURFEIT and FATTEN are able to add from ten to twenty lbs. to the weight of their pupils in a single term.

At their establishment food of a sustaining character is served every two hours, and, if necessary, is forcibly administered. The intervals between meals

are devoted to sleep and a little dumb-bell exercise.

No mental work whatever is permitted among the pupils, as such employment has been found to be deficient in flesh-forming properties.

The results of the system speak for themselves. Of thirty pupils sent in last year twenty-two passed in weight, and the other eight would certainly have passed also if they had not unfortunately

died. This year the figures should be even better, as all the students are "shaping" nicely, and many have put on over a lb. a day.

Out of the immense number of testimonials which Messrs. SURFEIT and FATTEN have received, the following are selected. A grateful mother writes:—

GENTLEMEN,—I must convey to you my sincere thanks for the success which you have achieved with TOMMY. When he came to you he weighed only eight stone four, and though well up in Mathematics, Modern Languages, Natural Science, and *Kriegspiel*, appeared to have no chance of satisfying his examiners. A term with you worked marvels. TOMMY now scales ten stone, and his career in the Army is assured.

A Father writes:—

GENTLEMEN,—I gladly bear testimony to the admirable results of your system in the case of my son. He went to you a bright lad, slim and active, and barely over nine stone. He is now a heavy sleepy youth of ten stone eight, and is sure of his commission.

INCIGNITO.

["Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is travelling in strict incognito."—*Daily Mail*.]

THE shades of night were falling fast
When through the Bay of Naples passed
A vessel of the British fleet,
Which bore a stranger in complete
Incognito.

The eye-glass planted in his eye
Concealed his personality;
The orchid which his bosom tricked
Assisted to preserve his strict
Incognito.

Italian warships through the gloom
Their deferential guns bade boom
In honour of the famous wight
Who stood upon the *Cæsar*, quite
Incognito.

He stepped ashore; reporters flew
At lightning speed to interview
The stranger who was seen to stand
Upon the quay, so modest and
Incognito.

He told them how he liked the sea,
That "nasty motions" disagree—
And straightway eager Fleet Street flew
To print the last about the new
Incognito.

He banqueted his recent hosts,
Himself proposing sundry toasts;
And all the world at breakfast time
Perused the words of this sublime
Incognito.

And from the columns in the press
One reads each morning, one may guess
He still is travelling with his suite
A stranger in the most complete
Incognito.

A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of
Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.

BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.
Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.)

CHAPTER XI.

STONE WALLS DO NOT MAKE A CAGE.

Oh, give me back my Arab steed, I cannot ride alone!
Or tell me where my Beautiful, my four-legged bird has flown
'Twas here she arched her glossy back, beside the fountain's brink,
And after that I know no more—but I got off, I think.

More so-called original lines by aforesaid young English friend.
But I have the shrewd suspicion of having read them before
somewhere.—H. B. J.

AND NOW, O gentle and sympathetic reader, behold our
unfortunate hero confined in the darkest bowels of the Old
Bailey Dungeon, for the mere crime of being an impecunious!

Yes, misters, in spite of all your boasted love of liberty and
fresh air, imprisonment for debt is still part of the law of the
land! How long will you deafen your ears to the pitiable cry
of the bankrupt as he pleads for the order of his discharge?
Perhaps it has been reserved for a native Indian novelist to
jog the elbow of so-called British jurisprudence, and call its
attention to such a shocking scandal.

Mr. BHOSH found his prison most devilishly dull. Some
prisoners have been known to beguile their captivity by
making pets or playmates out of most unpromising materials.
For instance, and *exempli gratia*, Mr. MONTY CHRISTO met an
abbey in his dungeon, who gave him a tip-top education; Mr.
PICCIOLA watered a flower; the Prisoner of Chillon made chums
of his chains; while Honble BRUCE, as is well-known, suc-
ceeded in taming a spider to climb up a thread and fall down
seven times in succession.

But Mr. BHOSH had no spider to amuse him, and the only
flowers growing in his dungeon were toadstools, which do not
require to be watered, nor did there happen to be any abbey
confined in the Old Bailey at the time.

Nevertheless, he was preserved from despair by his indomi-
table native chirpiness. For was not *Milky Way* a dead set for
the Derby, and when she came out at the top of the pole, would
he not be the gainer of sufficient untold gold to pay all his debts,
besides winning the hand of Princess VANOLIA?

He was waited upon by the head gaoler's daughter, a damsel
of considerable pulchritude by the name of CAROLINE, who at
first regarded him askance as a malefactor.

But, on learning from her parent that his sole offence was
insuperable pennilessness, her tender heart was softened with
pity to behold such a young gentlemanly Indian captive clanking
in bilboes, and soon they became thick as thieves.

Like all the inhabitants of Great Britain, her thoughts were
entirely engrossed with the approaching Derby Race, and she
very innocently narrated how it was matter of common
knowledge that a notorious grandame, to wit the fashionable
Duchess of DICKINSON, had backed heavily that *Milky Way* was
to fail like the flash of a pan.

Whereupon Mr. BHOSH, recollecting that he had actually
entrusted his invaluable mare with her concomitant jockey to
the mercy of this self-same Duchess, was harrowed with sudden
misgivings.

By shrewd cross-questions he soon eliminated that Mr.
MCALPINE was a pal of the Duchess, which she had herself
admitted at the Victoria terminus, and thus by dint of pen-
etrating instinct, Mr. BHOSH easily unravelled the tangled
labyrinth of a hideous conspiracy, which caused him to beat
his head vehemently against the walls of his cell at the thought
of his impotentiality.

Like all feminines who were privileged to make his ac-
quaintance, Miss CAROLINE was transfixed with passionate
adoration for BINDABUN, whom she regarded as a gallant and
illused innocent, and resolved to assist him to cut his
lucky.

To this end she furnished him with a file and a silken ladder
of her own knitting—but unfortunately Mr. BHOSH, having
never before undergone incarceration, was a total neophyte in
effecting his escape by such dangerous and antiquated pro-
cedures, which he firmly declined to employ, urging her to
sneak the paternal keybunch and let him out at daybreak by
some back entrance.

And, not to crack the wind of this poor story while rendering
it as short as possible, she yielded to his entreaties and contrived
to restore him to the priceless boon of liberty the next morning
at about 5 a.m.

Oh, the unparalleled raptures of finding himself once more
free as a bird!

It was the dawn of the Derby Day, and Mr. BHOSH precipitated
himself to his dwelling, intending to array himself in all his best
and go down to Epsom, where he was in hopes of encountering
his horse. Heyday! What was his chagrin to see his jockey,
CADWALLADER PERKIN, approach with streaming eyes, fling him-
self at his master's feet and implore him to be merciful!

"How comes it, CADWALLADER," sternly inquired Mr. BHOSH,
"that you are not on the heath of Epsom instead of wallowing
like this on my shoes?"

"I do not know," was the whimpered response.

"Then pray where is my Derby favourite, *Milky Way*?"
demanded BINDABUN.

"I cannot tell," wailed out the lachrymose juvenile. Then,
after prolonged pressure, he confessed that the Duchess had
met him at the station portals, and, on the plea that there was
abundance of spare time to book the mare, easily persuaded
him to accompany her to the Buffet of Refreshment-room.

There she plied him with a stimulant which jockeys are
proverbially unable to resist, viz., brandy-cherries, in such
profusion that he promptly became catalytic in a corner.

When he returned to sobriety neither the Duchess nor the
mare was perceptible to his naked eye, and he had been search-
ing in vain for them ever since.

It was the time not for words, but deeds, and Mr. BHOSH did
not indulge in futile irascibility, but sat down and composed a
reply wire to the Clerk of Course, Epsom, couched in these
simple words: "Have you seen my Derby mare?—BHOSH."

After the suspense of an hour the reply came in the discourag-
ing form of an abrupt negative, upon which Mr. BHOSH thus
addressed the abashed PERKIN: "Even should I recapture my
mare in time, you have proved yourself unworthy of riding her.
Strip off your racing coat and cap, and I will engage some more
reliable equestrian."

The lad handed over the toggery, which BINDABUN stuffed,
being of very fine silken tissue, into his coat pocket, after which
he hurried off to Victoria in great agitation to make inquiries.

There the officials treated his modest requests in very off-
handed style, and he was becoming all of a twitter with anxiety
and humiliation, when, *mirabile dictu*! all of a sudden his ears
were regaled by the well-known sound of a whinny, and he
recognised the voice of *Milky Way*!

But whence did it proceed? He ran to and fro in uncon-
trollable excitement, endeavouring to locate the sound. There
was no trace of a horse in any of the waiting-rooms, but at
length he discovered that his mare had been locked up in the
left-luggage department, and, summoning a porter, Mr. BHOSH
had at last the indescribable felicity to embrace his kidnapped
Derby favourite *Milky Way*!

(To be continued.)



A SUGGESTION FOR THE HUNTING SEASON.

NO MORE TROUBLE FROM WIRE, DAMAGE TO FENCES, ETC.

FAREWELL!

["Parliament meets on Dec. 3."—*Daily Paper*.]

SEA-snake of the roaring Atlantic,
Dive down to the depths of thy blue!
Great gooseberry, green and gigantic,
Adieu till next August, adieu!
Fare thee well, fare thee well, silly season!
Thy wonders thou tellest in vain;
We are all for pure wisdom and reason,
Now Parliament's here once again.

The torches of wit will be burning—
Ah! think of the sallies and quips,
The humour, the light, and the learning,
When members re-open their lips!
Ye that joy in Demosthenes' art, let
It gladden your famishing souls
That ye soon will be feasting on B-RTL-TT,
And the delicate fancies of B-WL-S.

Oh, glorious prospect! What wonder
Our hearts in expectancy glow
As they wait for the roar of the thunder
Of S-MMY SM-TH, C-LDW-LL and Co.
Farewell, silly season! Thy spectre
Grows dim, for thy day is now done—
Or would it be slightly correcter
To say it has only begun?

THE CHARMED LIFE.

["Dowager-Empress again reported dead."—*Daily Paper*.]

O LADY of the charmed life,
Again you quaff the poisoned chalice;
Again the suicidal knife
Makes desolation in the palace;
Again you rise on stepping-stones
Of your dead selves—which, one
surmises,

Ere this must top mere Helicons
And dwarf the Alps to Hornsey Rises.

A mortal snuffs his candle out,
And there 's an end of some poor sinner:
You, lady, take your life about
As regularly as your dinner;
Like Phoenix, from your ashes you
Arise refreshed to new endeavour,
More daring schemes and bolder coups,
And, dying daily, live for ever.

NOTE BY AN OLD ETONIAN.—In view of
his letter on the subject of drink, it is
very evident that LORD ROBERTS belongs
to the "Dry-Bobs" not the "Wet-Bobs"
family, and could never have attempted
the "long glass" at "Tap."

CHILDE JOSEPH'S PILGRIMAGE.

So on his pilgrimage forth fared the Childe
To represent Britannia's awful sway;
His vessel—not that ship from CÆSAR styled,
Which should embark him down Gibraltar way,
Yet big with CÆSAR'S fortune—ploughed the Bay
In the unnumbered wake of homing swallows;
Stoutly he lit a great cigar and lay
Contemtuously of Biscay's hoary hollows,
And with his naval son and heir conversed as follows:—

“AUSTEN, my boy! bright image of my self!
Now are we launched upon the lusty main;
Free from the gripe of politics and pelf
We may awhile repose the fevered brain
With scraps of some old nautical refrain;
With thoughts of NELSON, that ennobling theme,
Suggested by the adjacent map of Spain;
Till JESSE be forgotten as a dream,
And HOSKINS fade into an unpromoted scheme!”

Behold Gibraltar's bare and beetling rock,
Its adamant base with billows wet,
Chip of the Empire's earth-compelling block
On which the sun is impotent to set!
What passions in the hero's bosom fret
As, on the Governor's arm, he scales the height
Burrowed with bastions! How should he forget
KYNOCES and POWELL, faithful parasite,
Under a bushel doomed to douse his public light?

Soon with reluctant feet they quit the land,
Noting the pillars named of Hercules,
Europe and Africa on either hand,
And Britain throned on all the sundering seas.
Now Malta's cannon shake her martial quays,
Thrice favoured atom of that mighty whole
(As JOSEPH tells the Aborigines),
Which, thanks to Heaven and his (the Childe's) control,
Stretches in one harmonious mass from pole to pole!

At length, eluding Scylla's loathed wiles,
The urgent keel of *Cæsar* (H.M.S.)
Glides by the fiery Liparaean isles,
And on to Naples' azure bay, express.
And here the Childe in unofficial dress
Samples the cafés and the dim Duomo;
But no *incog.* can hide his courtliness,
Though some mistake him for milord SILOMO,
So fine a modesty adorns our *novus homo*!

“Napoli! Napoli!” (thus JOSEPH cried,
Scanning the plain with glassy eagle eye,
While from the crater in a steady tide
The sulphuretted lava floated by),
“City that ROSEBERY saw and wished to die!
Thou art Italia's pride, our only love!
Such hatred we provoke—I wonder why;
Are some of us too near the powers above?
Or does the New Diplomacy too rudely shove?”

Anon he courses down the Sacred Way
In cabs by moonlight, calm and self-possessed;
It is a scene, though viewed in vulgar day,
That leaves the thoughtful tourist much impressed;
There to his listening son the Childe addressed
Remarks on Rome and ruin; how she lacked
What might have served to stay the Gothic pest—
A gift for federation; missed, in fact,
What he was born with—meaning pure Imperial tact!

Now he returns to fill his native niche,
Skirting the course of KRÜGER'S pilgrim feet,
Free to admit that there were points on which
He proved his local knowledge incomplete;
Filled full with culture as an egg with meat,
And radiant with the art of antique Rome;
Yet, in respect of things like Downing Street,
Convinced that one may find, across the foam,
No place, however humble ours may be, like home! O. S.

HINTS ON MAKING ONESELF THOROUGHLY
OBJECTIONABLE.

“PRACTICE,” says the proverb, “makes perfect!” And the compiler of these hints wishes to impress this point on his readers, urging them not to be discouraged if their efforts do not meet with all the success they could wish for at the first attempt. Perseverance and assiduous attention to the object they have in view, namely, the exasperation of their fellow men, will surely triumph in the end.

I.—IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

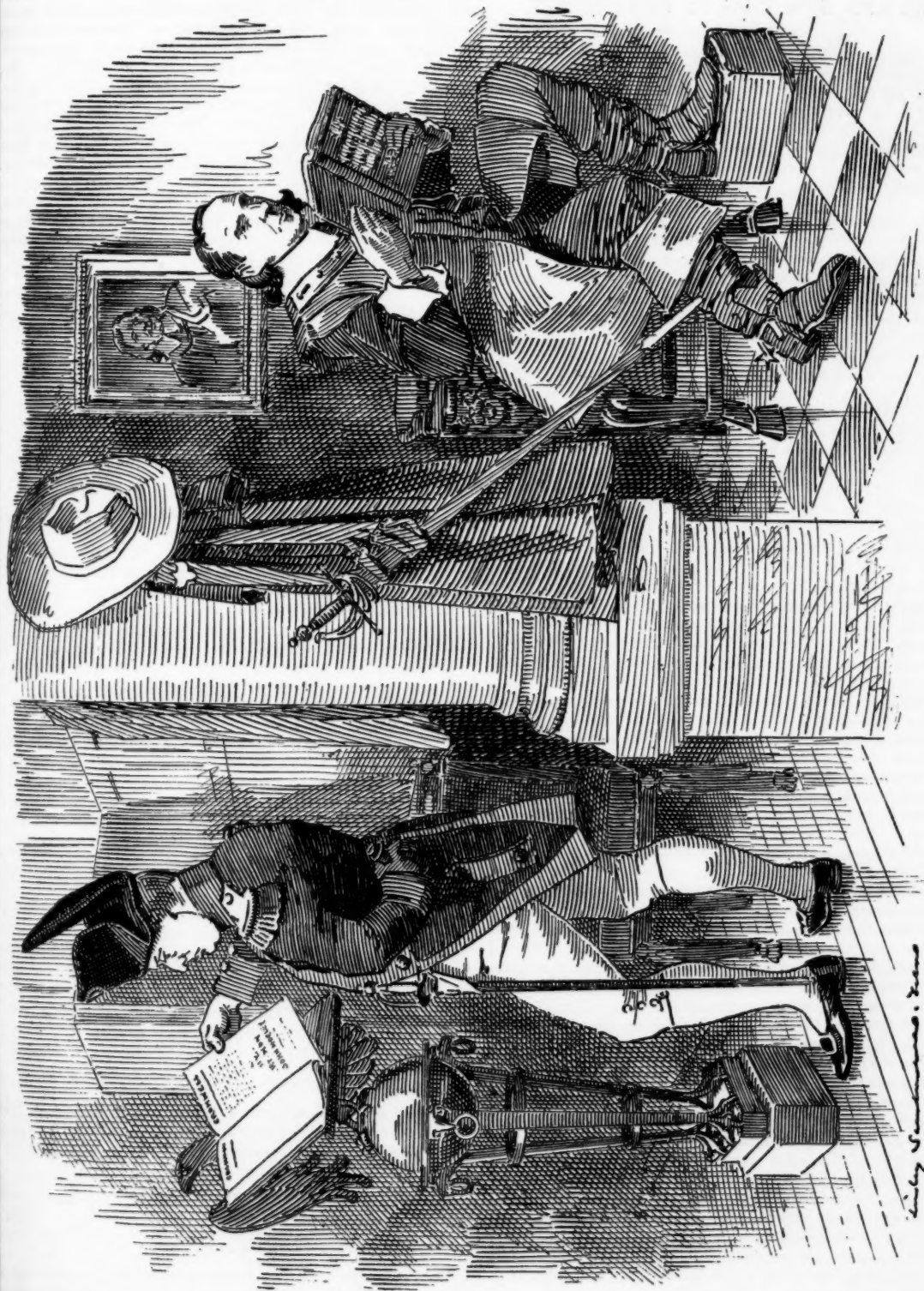
This is a very good place for the novice to experiment in. First of all, to avoid any possibility of your operations being, so to speak, nipped in the bud and brought to an untimely end, it is advisable to select a long-distance train, and one that does not stop for, at least, an hour after leaving the terminus. Be at the station some time beforehand, and try to find a compartment in which all four corner seats have been secured by means of rugs, umbrellas, or newspapers, placed in them. Having satisfied yourself that the legitimate occupier of one seat is engaged at the other end of the platform, looking after the luggage, you proceed to remove his belongings up into the hatrack. Then you occupy the seat yourself. To ensure complete success at this stage, you should be of the feminine gender and call yourself a lady; in which case the exasperated individual, whose place you have taken, cannot very well resort to brute force just as the train is starting.

The atmosphere of that compartment will thus, you see, be already nicely disturbed. I would mention in passing, that you should have supplied yourself with a number of large packages, “too fragile to go in the van,” with which you can fill up all the gaps between yourself and the other occupants of the carriage. I would particularly suggest that you place some on the floor, so as to cramp the nether limbs of your fellow passengers. All these little things help.

If it is summer time, a large posy of gaudy flowers, freshly gathered from your back garden, is to be strongly recommended as an addition to your other parcels. This will probably result in one or two earwigs being discovered, and will also attract any stray wasps that may be passing the windows.

The true artist should never overdo things. The impression you have created will last for some little time now, without further effort on your part. You may, however, derive some amusement from the carriage windows, particularly the one on your side. Study the taste of your fellow passengers as regards fresh air, and endeavour to do exactly the opposite to what they would wish, by lowering or raising the windows. P. G.

A CORRESPONDENT, signing himself “An Ecclesiastical and Parliamentary Student,” inquires—“What were ‘the Apostolic Constitutions?’ Had they all of them exceptionally fine constitutions, and, in a general way, at that period was a Hebrew or Greek or Roman constitution superior to the British constitution of to-day?” Of course we should be delighted to solve his difficulties; but as, in the first place, they are purely ecclesiastical, we beg to refer him to those excellent authorities on such matters *The Guardian*, *The Pilot*, *The Tablet*, and other Church papers, to whose department the answering of these queries primarily belongs.



TWO "APPRECIATIONS."

Napoleon Rosebery (to himself). "I WISH HE'D BROUGHT OUT HIS 'CROMWELL' A LITTLE LATER!"
Cromwell John Morley (to himself). "I WISH HE HAD BROUGHT OUT HIS 'NAPOLEON' MUCH EARLIER!"

Lily S.

NELL AND HER KING AT KENNINGTON.



"Gads fish! come and see
Nellie."

THAT is where they were last week, in the course of their royal and triumphal progress throughout the length and breadth of England. They were there yesterday, they are gone to-morrow; gone on their way rejoicing, rings on their fingers, diamond snuff-boxes in their hands, and in those of the courtiers, with sweet belles of the court, not jangling out of tune, about them, winning popular favour, and everywhere gaining substantial rewards of merit, so that when the King returns to his own again, his own or somebody else's theatre in London, they will appear bearing their golden sheaves with them. And how will Mr. and Mrs. FRED TERRY (Miss JULIA NELSON) have accomplished this? The answer is, by having achieved a real success with *Nell of Old Drury* at the Haymarket Theatre, whence, being "evicted" and unable to find another house open to receive them, they set forth on their travels, taking *Nell of Old Drury* with them.

At Kennington they were received with enthusiasm. *Nell of Old Drury* could not have had a bigger houseful than on the night I had the pleasure of seeing her Grace of St. ALBANS at Kennington, not even had she been on the stage of Drury Lane itself at Christmas time. Crammed from floor to ceiling. A very handsome house is that at Kennington, and, as I imagine, so well constructed, that everyone has a good view of the stage, except perhaps those who, arriving late, have to squeeze in somehow and play at Peeping Tom round the corners. Has every suburban theatre a population such as this to draw upon for an audience? If so, given the good actors with the piece that "catches on," then the theatre-going suburbanites can obtain all the advantages possible to Londoners at something like half the cost. A more appreciative audience than the Kenningtonian, the greatest stars in the theatrical firmament could not desire.

And the attraction? Well, *Sweet Nell of Old Drury*, by PAUL KESTER, is a plain and quite unvarnished article in melodrama, with a fixed workable plot, which, by the simple process of altering the names of the characters and changing the epoch, can be readily and effectively adapted to any period, from that of Solomon to the present Victorian Era. Like a hardy annual, it will survive considerable transplanting, will stand any climate, and will thrive, blossom, and bloom, according to the soil.

The dialogue, which is pretty much on a dead level throughout, derives nearly all its value from the vitality put into it by the actors and actresses, with Mrs. FRED TERRY and her husband at their head. In indifferent hands the success of this piece might be doubtful, although its safe dramatic situations would secure it from total failure. Yet there are one or two scenes, in which *Nell* appears, so perilously near farce, that but for the interpretation given them by Miss NELSON, they might easily have endangered the success.

Nell is the King's favourite, and she is the people's favourite; so lovable a character, so sprightly, so sensible, so clever, so ignorant, so easily moved, so lavishly generous, that while we acknowledge, we forgive, her trespasses, and remember only her natural good qualities. If honest wives, remembering there is a CATHERINE of Braganza somewhere about, are inclined to frown on CHARLES, and to be positively angry with his other mistresses, my Lady CASTLEMAINE and the Duchess of PORTSMOUTH, yet have they only a pathetically indulgent smile for "poor Nellie," who seems to be the spoilt child of the sex, and a quite irresponsible personage.

By the way, when, where, and how, between Act I. and Act II., did ignorant, unaccomplished *Nell* learn to play her own accompaniment (so perfectly too) on the spinet? Quite surprising!

Mr. FRED TERRY as *Charles* is far better than the author could make him, and with significant look and gesture gives point to very ordinary matter-of-fact lines. The small part of a strolling player Mr. LIONEL BROUGH raises into importance, and Mr. SYDNEY BROUGH does his best for *Lord Lovelace*. Mr. CALVERT is a truculent judge JEFFREYS; he plays it to the life. But all do their best; the *Captain Clavering* of Mr. D. J. WILLIAMS is an instance in point, and so is the otherwise insignificant part of *Tiffin*, a waiting-maid, prettily and naturally played by Miss MARY MACKENZIE. A better play, from a literary point of view, it would be comparatively easy to find, but the acting of the principals in this *Nell of Old Drury* it would be rather difficult to beat. The happy pair, Mr. and Mrs. FRED TERRY, are only at the commencement of their success. Let them "reap the golden grain while the sun shines."

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT FUND.

(A Rough-and-Ready Appeal.)

A HAPPY thought there came to Messrs. AGNEW—"Ars est"—the line I, as an Eton fag, knew,—
"Celare artem," but the AGNEWS wary
"Celare" drop, and substitute "monstrare,"
To show us English Art in Nineteen Hundred.
A failure here indeed would many a one dread,
Unless that "one" were certain of his ground
And knew a grand collection could be found
Worthy the object. And that object? Why,
To benefit the good A. G. B. I.—
The Artists' General Benevolent. You've heard
Of that same "Institution"? If deferred
Till now your gift, then go to Messrs. A.,
And at the door you only have to pay—
Who wouldn't pay his way in such a cause?—
And greet the pictures with deserved applause.
Here, first, to shock a hermit like St. Simeon—
But you're not that—"Diana and Endymion,"
By our Sir EDWARD POYNTER, P.R.A.
Having said that, there's nothing more to say.
"A Sailor" by a "SERGENT"! Bien! Well done!
Navy and Army thus rolled into one.
A Roman TADEMA you next will see,
And G. D. LESLIE's "Moat"—"So mote it be!"
HERKOMER's work your hearty praise secures.
Then DICKSEE's "Burning Heart" appeals to yours.
In-west in East, a landscape cool and graceful;
But Messrs. AGNEW, sure, have got the place full,
Or full enough, at least, for they are skilled
In showing any gallery well filled.
See how the public answer to the cry
"Walk up! Stump up!" Sure, gentles, by and by
You'll find no giver for his gift the worse;
And, as the gallery, so will be the purse,
That is, "Well filled." The object to achieve is
Relief to need. "Ars longa vita brevis."

NEW VERSION.

SEEING in a recent number a verse where SARAH B. was brought in by some light-hearted melodist who offered to "sing thee songs of Araby," I venture to proffer "another way" of treating the same materials; as thus:—

I'll sing thee songs of "ALLENBY"
If "LEWIS" play the air,
I'd cheer thee had ye fallen, by
Sad chance, into despair.

I fancy that so happy an inspiration might procure me a permanent post such as *Mr. Slum* held under the distinguished management of *Mrs. Jarley* of *Jarley's Wax Works*.



Despondent Fair One. "DO YOU KNOW, DEAR, I'M AFRAID I MUST BE GETTING VERY OLD!"
Consoling Friend. "NONSENSE, DARLING! WHY DO YOU THINK SO?"
Despondent Fair One. "BECAUSE PEOPLE ARE BEGINNING TO TELL ME HOW VERY YOUNG I AM LOOKING!"

A HOLIDAY SPEECH AT NAPLES.

(Not previously reported.)

LADIES and—(AUSTEN, have you that dictionary? What is "Ladies and Gentlemen"? Thanks.)—Signore e signori, io ho molto piacere in—(What's "coming"?—in venendo a vostro bello citta—(What's that you say? The conversation book puts "la di loro," or else "loro." Nonsense! How can that mean "your"? I'm not speaking of some other people's city. Don't interrupt. Well, "citta" may be feminine, and have the accent on the last syllable. I never said it wasn't, or hadn't.)—a vostra bella città e vedere vostra bella mare e vostra cielo sempre—(AUSTEN, what's "blue"? I didn't say "azure," I said "blue." Well, if that's the first word in the dictionary, what's the second? Why, that one sounds as if it meant "turkish." It's no good fumbling with that dictionary any longer. Here goes!)—e vostra cielo sempre turco, gran cielo, gran turco.—(Why do they call out "Evviva il Sultano!" I don't know.)—Io non voglio a parlare politico. Io sono incognito, un ordinario—(What's "tourist"? Good Heavens, what a word!)—un'ordinario viaggiatore.

Io amo vostro bello lingua. Mio amico LANSLOWNE parla francese, ma non italiano.—(What's "everybody"?—Ognuno parla francese, senza divenire Segretario Forestiero. Io anche! Io ho studiato vostro bello lingua nel uomo di guerra Cesare.—(What's that fellow say? CESARE was scratched in Latin, or something like that? I don't know what he means.)—Quite so, my dear Sir—er—er—I mean, tutto così, mio caro signor.—(I didn't say "cosy." Perhaps it is "così." You fidget so about the accents.)

Io amo molto belli fiori, sopra tutto orchidi. Io ho molti orchidi a Birmingham. Veramente, quando voi parlate italiano come io faccio—(I'm getting on swimmingly. Fine language Italian is. LANSLOWNE will be green with envy) il nome suona un poco—(What's "ugly"? I didn't say "brutal." I won't call Birmingham "brutal." Here, give me the dictionary. Why, that's the only word. What a beastly dictionary! I must put it some other way.)—Il nome suona un poco non bello. Bisogna—in fact, it wants a vowel at the end of each syllable, comprendete?—così, Bira-meno-ama. I leave out the g, it's so hard. Dolce, non è vero?—(What are you nudging me for? You say, as I never pronounce the r's enough in Italian, they'll think I'm trying to say something like "Beer without arms." Nonsense! How could it mean that? Are you sure? Dash it all! That comes of trying to make English names musical. Beastly language ours is. But it isn't so beastly as this Italian jargon, landing one in such confounded difficulties. What's that you say? There's no need to say "io" so many times? How else can you translate "I"? Italians usually leave out the pronouns? Rubbish! You're always stopping me and pestering me with something, like those beastly accents you make so much of. I must get out of this somehow.)—Dolce—dolce fa niente, veramente. Non voglio dire il nome così, ma sempre Birmingham, come in Inghilterra—(That's very polite of them to call out, "Evviva l'Inghilterra!")—Grazie! In Birmingham sono molti manufattori di piccoli armi. Grandi, ma sempre piccoli. Anche molti—(What's "teetotalers"? Not there? Beastly dictionary. Must do without.)—molti teetotaleri.

Adesso io bisogno andare. Vedo mio—(Stop, AUSTEN, don't go yet! What's "carriage"? I thought "legno" meant

"wood." Give me the book. So it does. Much good you are! I might as well call the carriage a "bosco" at once. Let me struggle on alone.)—Io vedo mio carrozza. Io amo andare in carrozza, non—(AUSTEN! There, he's gone, and taken that beastly dictionary with him! I don't know what "to walk" is.)—in carrozza, comprendete, senza fatica. Dolce fa niente. Il corpo solo. Il mente—(What's "works"? Must give it up.)—Il mente fa sempre.—(Hope I haven't forgotten that peroration. Why, it's in AUSTEN's pocket! Hang it all! I know it was something about AUGUSTUS, and BALBUS and MICHAEL ANGELO.)

Adesso, signore e signori, addio! Addio al bello patria ornato col nobili edifici di AUGUSTO, di BALBO, il celebre costruttore del muro, e di MICHELANGELO. Addio, bello cielo, addio, bello mare, addio, illustrissimi uditori, addio e—(There now, I've forgotten the last word! Must say it in French)—addio e au revoir!

HIGH SHERIFFS.

QUITE recently, indeed on November 12, unmarked by the great world that rolled outside, a batch of blameless country gentlemen were nominated for the ancient office of High Sheriff for the counties of England and Wales. The ceremony, over which the Chancellor of the Exchequer presided in his official robes, took place in a court of the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice. Some of the proposed victims pleaded want of means, others handed in pitiful medical certificates, others again appealed to the compassion of the authorities on the ground of their great age; but for the most part tears and prayers were alike unavailing, and in the end three names were selected for each of the counties.

What says the omniscient *Whitaker*? "The three names, engrossed upon a parchment roll, are afterwards brought before Her Majesty, who then, with a golden bodkin, pricks through the parchment against one name for every county. The name thus pricked is usually the first on the list, and they come into office after Hilary Term." With a golden bodkin! Isn't it feudal and gorgeous and inexplicable? Centuries ago I suppose the reigning monarch, having to mark off his High Sheriffs, happened to find a gold bodkin lying close at hand, and so used it for the ceremony. Treasured by a courtier, the same bodkin was used again and again. Traditions encrusted themselves about it, a halo of legend shone round its eye wherever it was deposited—until now the High Sheriff who should chance to be pricked with anything less golden and legendary might justly feel that he had been robbed of one of his noblest privileges.

One of the gentlemen over whom the golden bodkin thus hangs by a hair has confided to me that he still has a faint hope of escaping: "There's just an off-chance, a sort of thousand to one offered, that she might make a bad shot, you know; or someone might jog her arm—I suppose such accidents do happen, even to Queens—just as she's going to make a neat little hole opposite my name, and so the second man on the list might find himself pricked before he knew where he was; or she might take a sudden dislike to the look of my name; I've never seen it on a parchment roll myself, but I've a notion it won't look a bit attractive—at least, I hope not—and then she'd say, pausing with the golden bodkin in the air, "ADOLPHUS TOMLINSON SANDYSIDE, of Buckwheat Court, Blankshire, Esquire. What a terrible name to meet a Judge with. I can't have a name like that for High Sheriff. I shall prick MORDAUNT AYLMER DE BARFLEUR, of Verulam Hall, Knight," and—ping—the bodkin would be into old DE BARFLEUR, and I should be able to say ta-ta to all the flummery that my wife has been looking forward to so eagerly.

"But, my dear SANDYSIDE," I observed, "if you disliked the whole business so much, why did you ever allow yourself to be

put on the roll, or nominated, or whatever they call the blessed thing? I suppose it wasn't done without your knowledge."

"Now that shows," he retorted hotly, "how jolly little you know about it. When I bought Buckwheat Court from the executors of the late Sir GILES HEAVITREE (he was chucked out of his dog-cart driving home from Quarter Sessions, and broke his neck), nobody told me that the owner of the place was liable to be High Sheriff. How I got on to the roll is a mystery. I haven't the faintest notion who the infernal scoundrel was that put me there. All I know is that one morning I began to receive circulars from tailors and coach-builders and heraldic offices. The tailors wanted to make my own uniform and the liveries for my servants, all as rich as possible, and at the smallest possible expense; the coach-builders offered for a consideration to supply me with coaches used by numerous previous High Sheriffs for the purpose of conveying Judges of Assize, and the heraldic offices declared they were ready to make banners, 'painted on best banner silk, with armorial bearings on both sides, fringed, ribboned, and complete with cords and tassels.' These banners, they pointed out, would 'after the Sheriffdom form handsome souvenirs, and historical adjuncts to the family history, as fire-screens.' Lastly, a clerical outfitter sent me a 'catalogue of clerical requisites suitable for presentation to chaplains.' That was how I heard I was to be a High Sheriff."

"But, anyhow," I urged, "it's a dignified and useful office."

"Useful?" he broke in. "Not a bit of it. It may have been some good once, but it's absolutely and entirely useless now. The expenses are anything from £500 to £1,000, and the business of the county would get along just as well without it. Don't you remember when we were at Cambridge we used to see an old buffer in a scarlet uniform and a cocked hat with plumes hobbling across the Trinity great court with a parson after him and the judge following, while a couple of ancient trumpeters blew a cracked salute at the gate? That's what I'm going to be; I'm that old buffer. And the worst of it is, Cambridge isn't my county, so I shan't even have the satisfaction of making the Master of Trinity uncomfortable when the Judges come to quarter themselves in his Lodge."

A RONDEAU OF RECONSIDERATION.

ON second thoughts, fair ROSALIND,
You now regret that you declined
My ardent suit, and scorned my plea
With that unmerciful decree,
Who for your love in vain had pined.

Long obdurate, no longer me
You look on so disdainfully,
Some pity in your breast you find
On second thoughts.

Alas! had you but thus turned kind
Ere those wounds healed you left behind,
Ere from your toils I struggled free
When fairer MAUD I chanced to see;
But now—I, too, have changed my mind
On second thoughts.

LITERARY.—The individual who has written to complain that he bought a copy of *Punch* under the belief that it was the organ of the prize-ring, is probably own brother to the young lady who purchased *The Hub* deeming it to be a matrimonial agency organ. These people should be warned off all respectable bookstalls.

NOTE BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE.—A solicitor who is struck off the rolls has generally been eating someone else's bread.



Little Biffin (whose zeal is more striking than his marksmanship). "SEE THIS NOTICE I'VE JUST HAD PUT UP! AN IDEA OF MY OWN, A BIT SEVERE; BUT I'M DETERMINED TO TEACH 'EM A LESSON!"

NEXT MORNING!

THE DRAMA OF TO-MORROW.

To follow a recent precedent—that of submitting the third act for consideration before the rest of the play is completed—we would suggest to theatrical managers the advisability of securing the following play, which is bound to create a sensation by reason of its (we say it deliberately, and with honest pride) startling originality. The third act is not elaborated as yet, but the essential lines are sketched out.

MRS. SANE'S PRETENCE.

ACT III.—A well-furnished Interior.

Mrs. Sane (mournfully). I try to keep it up—but they distrust me. I flirt outrageously with married men, but everyone at Frittermere looks incredulous. I smoke—or try to, and the fast girls only jeer. I'm sure they know my life has been different from theirs.

Enter Lord SENTENTIOUS, a famous lawyer.

Lord Sententious. Cheer up, my dear. I will clear you of this odious imputation.

Mrs. S. (staring glassily at the gallery). Thank you so much. You know I'm really fast and not the quiet, homely, virtuous

woman they would make me out. Why, Mrs. RAVENTRY has actually declared she heard that I lived on the utmost good terms with my husband; she even—can I say it? (*hysterically*)—declares that I loved him. You don't believe it?

Lord Sen. Of course not. (*Pause.*) I must admit, to be quite frank, that when I first saw you smoke I did think you seemed a little new to it, and—forgive the suspicion—when you flicked Mr. RAVENTRY with your fan, the other night, it seemed to me you didn't care for that sort of thing.

Mrs. Sane (feverishly). But now you believe? You have my confession that I was divorced three times, not to mention—

Lord Sen. Yes; you seem everything the modern dramatic heroine should be. (*Looks through papers.*) Ah—um! There's just one point.

Mrs. Sane (aside). He guesses. (*Aloud*) Oh! I've such dreadful toothache—please excuse me. Earache is so painful.

Lord Sen. (sharply). Earache! You said toothache.

Mrs. Sane. Oh! You are so dreadfully

clever. Such a silly mistake of mine. I wouldn't dare deceive you.

Lord Sen. (complacently). It would be a useless proceeding in the third act of a play. Now, answer this. You speak of the Judge of the Divorce Court as Sir Henry Hawkins. Is this a joke or a blunder?

Mrs. Sane (faintly, clasping her head as if it were in danger of dropping off). A joke.

Lord Sen. (fiercely). Woman, you lie! You've never been in a divorce court. This rôle of a fast woman is all a pretence—a sham: Mrs. RAVENTRY is right. You cannot remain at Frittermere. Why have you done this?

Mrs. Sane (at bay). Because I saw no chance of making an interesting stage figure otherwise.

Lord Sen. (deliberately). You're wrong. Don't you see the very novelty— Why, it's just because the woman with a past—the "three-cornered problem"—had become so stale and conventional that we suspected you were different, and therefore likely to score. I may forgive you; Mr. and Mrs. RAVENTRY never will.

(*Curtain.*)



Old Maid. "IS THIS A SMOKING COMPARTMENT, YOUNG MAN?"
Obliging Passenger. "No, MUM. 'TGER UP!"

WHISPERS FROM THE WALLS.

(SCENE—The Exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters in the New Gallery. After midnight. Two portraits discovered in earnest conversation.)

A Lady. For my own part, I think it a very good show indeed.

A Gentleman. You are prejudiced because you are hung well.

A Lady. Not at all. Why, every frame is on the line.

A Gentleman. Oh, there's nothing to complain of in the frames—they are good enough; it's the pictures.

A Lady. But what's the matter with the pictures?

A Gentleman. Very feeble indeed.

A Lady. Rather sweeping.

A Gentleman. One paper suggested that one of the rooms should have been closed and the contents sent back to Exhibitors.

A Lady. But if we were not here where should we be?

A Gentleman. Well, we might fill the picture gallery at the Chamber of Horrors!

(Scene closes in upon the extremely appropriate suggestion.)

AN EXCELLENT PRECEDENT FOR AN EX-PRESIDENT.

[The Irish Nationalist address of condolence to Mr. KRUGER, to be given to him on landing at Marseilles, is worded in French, Dutch, and Erse—a serce which reminds one of the Jackdaw of Rheims.]

FOR a moribund cause our Irish cranks
 In a moribund idiom curse;
 With Hibernian bulls their welcome ranks,
 For who on the earth knows Erse?

And if Oom PAUL tried, till all was blue,
 He couldn't in French converse;
 You might as well ask him to parleyvoo
 As to read an address in Erse!

Then as to the Dutch—well, KRUGER's
 speech

Is the taal of the Boer perverse,
 So he'll almost be equally fogged with
 each,

The French, Double-Dutch, and Erse.

A capital plan 'twould be, I'd vouch
 (We should none be a "d" the worse)
 If these Dublin firebrands had e'er to
 couch

Their abusive remarks in Erse!

Let them boycott our English evermore,
 And their own sweet tongue rehearse;
 While they painfully Britain's crimes
 deplore,

We'll be cheerfully deaf to Erse!

A. A. S.

"MANY INVENTIONS."

[Amongst many other inventions recently patented is an "Apparatus for effectively scattering confetti."]

THE world in these degenerate days
 Evinces joy in squalid ways

And petty—

Into your face, for instance, whisks
 Those nasty little paper discs,
 Confetti.

For sorrier sight in vain you'll search
 Than brides and bridegrooms leaving
 church

Thus pelted;

Such demonstrations I condemn,
 Poor victims! Oft my heart for them
 Has melted.

Now this inventor-fend, whom I

The object constitute of my

Invective,

Desires to make, the plaguy bore,

The beastly practice even more
 Effective!

What need of "pom-poms," when by hand
 People may be, I understand,

Well harried?—

I write with feeling, seeing I

Myself have only recently

Been married!

PROVERB.—Short answers turn away
 Interviewers.



READY TO OBLIGE.

CHINESE GOVERNMENT. "HOW CAN CHOPPEE OWN HEAD OFF? NO CAN DO. WELLY WELL—MORE BETTER ME CHOPPY SOMEBODY ELSE'S!"





THE MARKISS AND HIS MEN!

COMING! COMING!! COMING!!!

THE THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER, WILL SHORTLY RE-OPEN WITH NEW SCENERY, DRESSES, AND APPOINTMENTS.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MARK TWAIN's stories and sketches, which CHATTO & WINDUS publish under the title *The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg*, are good throughout, a rare quality in such collections. The tale that gives its name to the book is rich with the quaint humour that MARK TWAIN at his best. It is so cleverly constructed that my Baronite hesitates to point out a flaw. He will, therefore, merely ask MARK why, in the second paragraph of the story, he should give it and himself away by explaining in advance its secret? This comes in due course, fully and naturally, as the climax of the plot, and to leave it till then would have added to the enthrallment of the reader. Does MARK forget—or has he never read—the wise words of SENECA: "Never begin a story with your climax." In relating the "Private History of the Jumping Frog Story," the author achieves the apparently impossible feat of making it funnier than ever. It is avowedly based upon an incident happening in California among the Forty-niners. A learned Pundit covered MARK with shame by assuring him that the fable is 2,000 years old, a part of Grecian Literature. He even referred him to the late Professor SIDGWICK's *Greek Prose Composition*, where, at page 116, a translation is found. This is quoted, compared with the text of the Californian legend, and the identity mournfully admitted. After many days, discovery is made, and announced in a post-script, that the story in SIDGWICK's book was not in Greek to be translated into English, but was English to be turned into Greek. A very different thing. Nevertheless, coincidences of the kind apprehended are not infrequent. There is nothing new under the sun, or in connection with it. Did MARK TWAIN ever come across the Hebraic legend which relates how, shortly after the Flood, SHEM camped out upon Mount Ararat to see the sun rise, and how his wrapt meditation of the scene was interrupted by JAPHET, who demonstrated that it was not five o'clock in the morning, as he perpended, but eight P.M.; and what he saw was not the rising but the setting sun? SHEM, worn out with the toil of unloading the Ark, had slept the full round of the twenty-four hours. Some day we shall have an American humourist decking out this story in modern dress and fobbing it off for new.

In *Male Attire* (HUTCHINSON & Co.) Mr. JOSEPH HATTON gives an Amazonian young lady, graceful, loving, bewitching, who can fence (what young lady can not fence, i.e., with words), ride, row, swim—in fact, do everything possible in athletics; can deftly press home the point of her dagger in a hand-to-hand argument, and pierce more hearts than one with her killing eyes. And she can box, too! Rather! A first-rate pugilistic young lady, hand and glove with any "brother pug" opponent who may give her the chance of letting him have it in the eye, on the nose, or, in fact, wherever he will. And all this without slang or vulgarity. Were not so much of the dialogue written in what one may call "low American," the book would be easier to read. From page 30 to 37, from the arrival of the heroine, *Zella Brunnen*, at Prudent's Gulch, until the finish of the great fight, capitably described, when she leaves for London, is quite the best part of a strongly melo-dramatic story.

The Oxford Book of English Verse, 1250—1900. By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH. Excellent selections. A most useful book for those who, being not "unaccustomed to public speaking" and loving to embellish their flow of language with quotations from poets whose works they have never read, and with whose names they have only a very slight acquaintance, if any, are only too grateful to any well-read collector placing so excellent a store as is this at their service. Between 1250 and 1900 is a wide range, and many an after-dinner and learned society speaker will bless the name of this "Q.C."

The Marble Face (SMITH, ELDER) is a good old gloomy story, calculated to make the flesh creep. Mr. COLMORE contributes to this end by framing his narrative in the form of extracts

from the diaries of the two principal personages, a device that supplies the monotony suitable to the situation. Also, he is very careful about his weather. The story opens on "a vile night, the trees looking more like phantoms than solid timbers. Phantoms up above, too, clouds that rushed by in all manner of distorted shapes, dense and swift and untiring, like remorse." My Baronite is always careful not to spoil the market by disclosing a plot. The secret of *The Marble Face* belongs to a woman, and suggests that woman is capable of infinite wickedness. The characters are rather of the puppet order, but probably few will be inclined to lay down the book before they have mastered the mystery hidden by *The Marble Face*.

The Baron has just received a delightful little pocket volume of TENNYSON's early poems forming one of the series *The Oxford Miniature Poems* (HENRY FROWD), a descriptive title that rather belittles SHAKESPEARE, MILTON and TENNYSON, who can never be considered as "miniature poets," and certainly cannot be exclusively claimed by Oxford. The Baron recommends this as a miniature present for Xmas, the munificent donor promising, of course, "more where this comes from."

In the story of *An Ocean Adventurer*, by WALTER WRIGHT (BLACKIE & SON), excitement prevails from beginning to end. Full of extraordinary mysteries, appalling adventures, in fact, everything that could possibly satisfy such youthful readers as delight in thrilling tales. "And where is there the youthful reader who does not?" asks my Baronite. And echo echo-istically answers, "I don't know." There's a clever echo for you!

Up, up, up, went the kite, taking with it little TSU-FOO and another boy. Wonderful places they visited. Strange people they met. All their adventures they describe most vividly in G. E. FARROW's exciting story, entitled, *The Mandarin's Kite* (SKEFFINGTON & SONS), with the WRIGHT illustrations in the right places.

Mother Goose Cooked, by JOHN H. MYRTLE and REGINALD RIGBY (JOHN LANE & Co.). Decidedly well done, too, as far as verses are concerned, although the strange and vivid coloured illustrations are somewhat suggestive of a bad attack of indigestion. Perhaps something wrong with the sauce for the gander.

Tiny readers may find some difficulty in choosing from the numerous brightly-coloured books, so specially designed for them; but in the excitement of the moment we hope they will not let *The Tremendous Twins*, by Mrs. ERNEST AMES and ERNEST AMES (GRANT RICHARDS), pass unnoticed, as each Ames at amusing, and succeeds. *Ten Little Boer Boys*, by NORMAN, with pictures by FORREST (DEAN AND SON), and *A Trip to Toyland*, by HENRY MAYER (GRANT RICHARDS), besides many, many others, all equally attractive, and entertaining for those who will give these books the chance of speaking for themselves.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

"GREAT BRITAIN AND PORTUGAL."—"So," quoth Mr. DARBY, reading a paragraph in the *Daily News*, "Portugal, I see, 'has withdrawn the exequatur.'" "Good heavens, JOHN!" exclaimed his old wife JOAN. "What's become of it! I thought there was only one 'equator'! If there's an ex-equator it must be the one that has somehow got worn out!"

[DARBY, being always indulgent to his old wife JOAN, explained.

BOSS LOCUTUS.—Stationery in view of Christmas keeps moving onward, which, for "stationery," remarks Mr. WAGSTAFF, "is odd." For this, and such jests as these, Police-Stationery should be the reward of Mr. W. Yet he eludes us. Perhaps we may find him among "The Photographic Wonders" of the "Table Bas-relief Xmas Cards," which are certainly very pretty, judging from a few specimens, especially the "Sculptograph," where the figures stand out photo-embozzo-relievo. Certainly, there is clear evidence of Messrs. TABER having em-bossed this show.

SPEECH AND SONG.

At a meeting held at Swansea to congratulate Sir G. NEWNES on his return for the borough, it is reported that Sir GEORGE, after making an allusion to his silver wedding, burst into song, and favoured the company with a verse of CHEVALIER'S "My Old Dutch" in a pleasing tenor voice. It is also believed, though not expressly stated, that in answer to an enthusiastic encore he brought down the house with "A little (tit-bit) off the top." At any rate, he was afterwards awarded the bardic title of Eos Lynton, otherwise the Nightingale of Lynton.

This excellent example of garnishing speeches with snatches of song might be followed with advantage by many public speakers, whose audiences would sometimes welcome a little melodious (and possibly comic) "relief". In Parliament, perhaps, rules as to order might bear hardly on an exponent of the new oratorical method. Just the thing, though, for meetings outside Parliament. Plenty of occasions for interpolating a little song in the speeches. For patriotic speech, try "Let 'em all come" (compare SHAKESPEARE, "Come the four corners of the earth," &c.), for complimentary after-dinner speech, guest of the evening, "Yer can't 'elp liking him," and so on.

Splendid thing, too, for the Law Courts. Wake them up no end. What could be more pleasing than that a songster of renown like the Lord Chief Justice should occasionally temper justice with melody, and emphasize some weighty pronouncement of law with an old-fashioned stave such as "Up to Dick"? Even counsel would do well at times to vary the monotony of their remarks with an appropriate ditty. Sir E. Clarke, for example, after a sparring match with some learned brother, would find the chorus of "E can't take a rise out of Oi," come in handy; whilst Mr. Inderwick, no doubt, would have an opportunity now and then for tuneful allusion to the pleasing qualities of that nice young man, "Our lodger."

After all, the idea not quite new. *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.* Good old HORACE! Good old EOS LYNTON! Bravo, Sir GEORGE!

CABINET CONSTRUCTION.

["The Cabinet now includes two of Lord SALISBURY'S nephews and a son-in-law, while his son has been promoted to the Front Bench."—*Daily Paper.*]

STRANGE how my pet construction met
With such dissatisfaction!
You learnt at school the old, old rule
Of relative attraction?
And here again the rule is plain:
These relatives need clearly
No case, my friend, for they depend
On antecedents merely.



SCENE.—The Fens (far from a hunting district), where hounds have come to try for a reputed poultry ravager.

Yokel (who has never seen a pack before). "YOU'VE GOTTEN A SIGHT OF DOGS THERE, MISTER. WHAT A MESS OF FOXES IT MUST WANT TO FEED 'EM ALL!"

WHY NOT?

(Queries suggested by Sir F. Bramwell's scheme for establishing a double floor of shops.)

SURELY possible to put churches one on the top of the other. Those who preferred to be "low" might take the basement, and ritualists would, of course, go to the fifth étage.

Markets might be established on the same basis. Flowers on the ground, and onions and other strongly scented vegetables on the top.

Playgrounds, again, offer an opportunity. Football at the base and lawn tennis nearest the sky. Croquet in between.

School, of course, could be similarly treated. The younger children to be saved the flights of stairs intended for boys and girls of maturer years. Better avoid lifts, to prevent accidents.

Law Courts, police stations, and prisons, again, might be run on the flat system. Court above naturally higher than the beak's premises. Cells might be below the castle moat, or on a like level.

Dwelling-houses could follow the same rule. Dukes below, and retired tradesmen above. The latter would be only too pleased to boast the same address as "His Grace," or "the Duchess."

And the amount of space thus saved might be transformed into something.

Of course, what was not wanted for town, might be annexed to the country.

THEATRICAL.

Newspaper Reader. Well, WYNDHAM'S not a Cabinet Minister after all.

Auditor (resting). Well, I always said he'd better stick to Mrs. Dane's Defence, and fall back on David Garrick if wanted.



CHAPTER III.

HEN WILSON KING made the tempting suggestion that the Bishop

might enjoy a quiet rubber of whist in his own

quarters, that pillar of the Church hesitated for a moment. It was evident that the temptation was no small one. "You wouldn't be asking the priest?"

"Oh, no, Bishop, particularly under the circumstances; no, no, no. He's a dear good sort, is Father O'RAFFATY, a dear good sort; does a great deal of good work among the men—oh, a great deal, and we have a lot of Roman Catholics in the Black Horse."

"I have no doubt of it, no doubt of it whatever," rejoined the Bishop. "Did you say— Well—it doesn't do to give the enemy cause to blaspheme, and there's a certain amount of enmity between the Church of England and the Church of Rome. What did you say?"

"You haven't taken wine with me, Bishop," said a voice at the end of the table.

"I thought I had."

"The wine is good, and one glass more or less won't hurt you. I assure you, you left me out."

"Did I? Well—" Then he held up his glass, and bowed, beaming in the direction from whence the voice had come.

"Then you'll come up and have a quiet rubber in my quarters?" WILSON KING went on.

"I should be delighted, but I'm afraid my carriage—"

"Oh, we'll put the carriage up. That will be all right. NOLAN," leaning back and speaking to the mess waiter, who was still hovering around with a bottle of champagne, "when his Lordship's carriage comes, tell the coachman to put up the horses in my stable, and take him into the kitchen, or somewhere, and see that he is looked after, will you?"

"Certainly, Sir; I will that same," said NOLAN, and deftly filled up the Bishop's glass once more.

"Not any more," said the Bishop, lifting his hand with an imperative yet courtly wave.

They were not away from the table just then. No, the Black Horse had a way of sitting late when it was necessary to do so, and they stayed that night until nobody could find any further excuse for pretending that the Bishop had not drunk wine with him. Then, after a few minutes spent in the ante-room, a few minutes during which the youngsters hovered about the card tables, the sound of billiard balls came from the adjoining apartment, and Father O'RAFFATY bade good-night with a last cheery joke.

"Now, if I belonged to your faith, my Lord Bishop," he remarked, "it wouldn't be etiquette, would it, for me to take my leave until your Lordship had given the move? But as I am merely a humble prate of another persuasion altogether, I can jist take my courage in both hands and say good-night, your Lordship, good-night."

"Good-night to you," said the Bishop, his mellow voice ringing all over the large room. "Good-night to you, Father; good-night."

It was with a very sly wink to one of the youngsters that the priest betook himself away. Then a couple of other guests having followed suit, WILSON KING intimated to the Bishop that the time had arrived when they could shake the dust of the ceremonious ante-room off their feet. So the Bishop bade good-night to everybody, excepting a couple of young men whom WILSON KING had bidden join in the rubber of whist; and, guided by the senior captain, he left the ante-room, and passing into the large block of officers' quarters very soon found himself in the two spacious rooms which called WILSON KING master.

"Really," said the Bishop, as he looked blandly around; "you are very comfortable here."

"Yes, Bishop, we do pretty well. Some of the youngsters are not so well off, you know."

"Oh, really? Not—you mean—they can't afford—"

"Your income has nothing to do with your quarters; that goes by seniority. I'm senior captain; I'm next door to a field-officer, and, after my superiors, I get next choice. You see I have two rooms, but when I was a subaltern I had to content myself with one, and that a small one."

"I see, I see. Pretty pictures you have—very tasteful—very tasteful. It reminds me of my college days. Yes, I had things of this kind then. Of course, although I retained some of them until I was made a Bishop, I presented them to my son, as I thought—"

"Yes," said WILSON KING, "exactly. Very wise of you, very wise and far-seeing. It doesn't do to mix the clerical and the mundane too much. Now, I wonder where those other fellows are. Of course, they'll be here in a minute. Do sit down, Bishop. That's a comfortable chair. Eh? What?" he said, as there came a vigorous thump on the door.

At that moment an orderly put his head into the room. "Can I speak to you, Sir, a minute?"

"Certainly. Excuse me, Bishop, will you?"

The Bishop waved his hand. It was a favourite gesture of his—a sort of a circular turning of the wrist, something like the figure of eight, with the palm held upwards. It was very effective, and saved him a good many words in the course of the year. "The deuce!" he heard WILSON KING say. "All right, I'll come in a minute."

Then WILSON KING came back into the room. "I'm awfully sorry, Bishop," he said; "I shall have to leave you for a few minutes. I've been sent for to the Guard Room. I'll not be longer than I can help."

"Not at all," responded the Bishop, with another wave; "not at all. I am quite comfortable," which, indeed, was true. So comfortable was the Bishop that two minutes later he caught himself nodding. "I mustn't go—to sleep," he said to himself. "I have—really—exceeded—my limit to-night. I will sit—quite still, but—I mustn't go—to sleep, and, yet—I'm exceedingly—sleepy. I wish—I hadn't promised—to come up—for this rubber. I don't know—that—it was quite—judicious. Very sleepy. If I could get—a quarter-of-an-hour's—nap, I should be wide awake—I—" Then suddenly he sat up very wide awake indeed. "No, it's all right—I think," stretching himself out so as to sit further back in the depths of the luxurious chair. "I think—I will just compose myself—for quarter-of-an-hour's quiet nap. When I wake—my head—will be quite clear. If—it isn't, I'll have the horses—put in—and—I'll go home. Quite so, my dear Sir; quite so." And the Bishop slept.

It seemed to him as if he had been sleeping for hours—as a matter of fact, he had been asleep some ten minutes or so—when he was aroused, not by a noise, not by the re-entrance of his host, but by something light passing across his face, something like a bird or a big butterfly. "What's that?" said the Bishop. He was staring straight at the ceiling, and there was nothing there which could in any way assist him. "I must have dreamt it," he said to himself, and closed his eyes once more. But again there came the same curious sensation, like the touch of a velvet hand, and this time he sat up with a start, and looked fiercely round.

"I hope I didn't frighten you," said a voice.

The Bishop tried to struggle to his feet. "Oh, my dear Madam."

"Oh, no; don't call me 'my dear Madam,' and don't get up. I am sure you are very comfortable there. I never saw a Bishop asleep before. You looked rather nice asleep."

The Bishop gasped. "I—you—I don't understand," he said.

The young lady, who was standing by, not very far from his chair, smiled seraphically down upon him. "No, I suppose it is a little difficult. I touched you with the end of this." "This" was a large feather boa, which she held in her hand. "I didn't expect to find you here, you know," she went on; "no, I didn't. A Bishop in cavalry quarters, that's too funny!"

"But what are you doing in cavalry quarters?" exclaimed the Bishop.

"I?" she smilingly answered. "Oh, I'm a will-o'-the-wisp. I come and go as I like."

"I don't think you ought to come and go as you like in such a place as this," said the Bishop severely.

"No, that's what my brother says. My brother is one of the officers here. He'll be furious when he sees me; but I was very unfortunate. I came into Idlemminster to do some shopping, and I lost my purse—fact! Well, when you've lost your purse, you can't go on any further, can you? So I went to an hotel and had something to eat, with a half-crown I found in one of my pockets—loose, you know—and I've come up to my brother's—well, to see what he can do for me."

"Really, that is a very unfortunate position. You—Do you live far from here?"

"A pretty long way. I never spoke to a Bishop before. Is it nice to be a Bishop?"

The Bishop bridled.

"It has its advantages."

"I should think so! I should like to be a Bishop. Are you married?"

"I—have been married," said the Bishop.

"Oh, you're a widower. Poor fellow! Got any children?"

"I have a daughter."

"H'm! Is she pretty?"

"She is considered so."

"Does she have a good time? Oh, she would, with you for a father, wouldn't she?"

"I trust—"

"Oh, don't say that. When a Bishop, or any man, begins to say 'I trust,' it means that she doesn't. Poor girl! Is it comfortable to be a Bishop? Why don't you get married again?"

"Well, really, Madam—"

"Oh, don't call me 'Madam.' I'm not married. My name is TRIXIE ARMITAGE—I was christened BEATRICE, of course—TRIXIE ARMITAGE. Have you met my brother? He was dining to-night."

"Yes, my dear child," said the Bishop indulgently; "but I didn't grasp the names of all my hosts."

"Oh! I see. You didn't take any notice of poor old BOB. It was horrid of you. You would have, if you had known that he had such a nice sister, wouldn't you?"

"I—might," said the Bishop guardedly.

"You would, wouldn't you now?"

"Yes, yes; I think I should."

For the life of him he could not help casting a look of admiration on the ingenuous little face of the bright and pretty girl who was thus interrogating him. A wild thought entered his mind, contrasting the stately presence of his long-deceased wife with the winsome personality of BOB ARMITAGE's sister TRIXIE. How admirably she had been named!

"Do you know," he said, "I don't think you ought to be here at this late hour, even with your brother. Let me offer you a lodging at the Palace. My daughter—"

"Oh, I say, Sly-Boots!" said the girl. "Oh, well, you are—for a Bishop, too—Sly-Boots! Oh, here's Captain WILSON KING. Captain WILSON KING, oh, this Bishop of yours—he is a Sly-Boots! This is old Bishop Sly-Boots! I don't think he's safe to let out, I really don't."

"Go to, you hussy!" said WILSON KING. "Be off with you; out of this!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE effect of WILSON KING's exhortation to the distressed damsel who had lost her purse was neither more nor less than magical upon the Lord Bishop of IDLEMINSTER. As the unceremonious and highly uncomplimentary words left the soldier's mouth the Bishop's jaw fairly dropped. The young lady showed no signs of betaking herself away.

"Come, be off!" said WILSON KING impatiently, as if he were speaking to a tiresome child.

"I shall not be off," she declared, rather indignantly; "I shall certainly not be off. I don't know what you mean by

speaking to me in this way. I call it exceedingly rude of you. So different from the Bishop, even if he is a bit sly. Here am I stranded," in a voice with a suspicion of tears in it; "yes, stranded, and you know it: thrown among a lot of horrid men, who are not even civil to me. The Bishop is most kind; yes, very different from you. He offered—to drive me home to the Palace with him, and put me up."

"Oh, you needn't trespass on the Bishop that far," said WILSON KING. "You'll get yourself put up in the nearest police-station if you don't mind, young woman."

The girl shook with impotent rage. "How dare you speak to me like that?" she said. "How dare you, when I've got a Bishop, a real Bishop, to protect me? Oh, you call yourself a gentleman! Oh—! But, never mind, I'll shame you before the whole world—yes, I will. You see if I don't bring my brother—"

"Your brother! Ha, ha, ha! that's a good joke!"

"A good joke? You won't think it a good joke when my brother comes. I don't know where he is—gone out to a horrid dance or something. And, if you are the senior captain, my brother—"

"Oh, wait till your brother comes, my good girl; then we'll square things with him. In the meantime, you need not try to pile it on with the Bishop. He doesn't want to have anything to say to you."

"Doesn't he!" said this enigmatical girl, on whose pretty face the smiles began to show out through the suspicion of tears. "You found plenty to say to me, didn't you, Sly-Boots?"

"Oh, I say! Come—be off out of this!" said WILSON KING gruffly.

"Speak for yourself, Sly-Boots," said Miss TRIXIE ARMITAGE jeeringly.

"I—I—had no intention," stammered the Bishop.

"No intention! Of doing what?"

WILSON KING took the girl resolutely by the arm. "Here," he said, "you've been let to run in and out of these barracks until you've got a bit above yourself. Now, out you go! I won't have my guests annoyed any more. Go, and find that precious brother of yours—if you can!"

He marched her along towards the door, she shrilly protesting. "You may put me out because you're a great strong brute; but all the same I'll pay you out for this, you see if I don't. And, as for the Bishop, I can tell plenty about him if I like, can't I, Bishop?"

In another moment WILSON KING had deftly manœuvred her outside the door, and turned the key in the lock.

"My dear sir," said the Bishop, who was all of a twitter, "my dear sir, I assure you I—I was never so deceived in my life. She told me that she was sister to one of the officers, that she had lost her purse, and that she had come to him to beg a shelter. I—I thought it impossible for a young lady to be so very awkwardly placed, and—"

"Did you really offer to take her back to the Palace?" ejaculated WILSON KING in a tone of astonishment.

"Well—yes—out of kindness, you understand; out of kindness."

"Very much misplaced, Bishop," said WILSON KING drily. "You may be thankful that I came in when I did."

For a moment there was dead silence. "Do you think," said the Bishop, "that—that—she will be discreet?"

"No, I don't," answered the other. "If she is, it will be for the first time in all her madcap existence."

"Dear, dear, dear! Most—Yes—I don't think that I will stay for that rubber of whist to-night. If you would—yes—if you would order my man to put the horses in—I think I'd rather go home."

"Oh, it's all right now," said WILSON KING. "You needn't be afraid."

"I'm not exactly afraid," said the Bishop.

"No; I dare say you feel a little uneasy. I should myself, under the circumstances. It was partly my fault, of course, for having left you; but you know, Bishop, we are not our own masters altogether, and the senior officer in barracks has to attend to duty before everything else."

"Of course, of course," said the Bishop; "naturally, quite so. But I think—you see we've wasted a good deal of time with your duty, and—"

"The little episode?" suggested WILSON KING.

"Yes—h'm—the little episode, and the hour is growing late. I don't think I could play whist to-night—not with any due observance of the rules."

"Ah, that's a pity," said WILSON KING. "The other fellows will be here in a minute. Bishop, that little mad-cap has upset you."

"Well—almost," said the Bishop. "You see, I—I'm afraid I went to sleep. It seemed as if I had been to sleep for a long time, but it couldn't have been more than a quarter of an hour."

"Yes, just about a quarter of an hour."

"Well, I woke up, and I was alone in the room with this young lady. She was—well, she was waking me with her feather boa."

"Oh, she's nerve enough for anything," cried WILSON KING, promptly. "But, all the same, you had better stay and have your rubber. I'm sure you'll enjoy it."

"I think not," said the Bishop; "not to-night—another time. If you will order my horses to be put to—Thank you so much."

The Bishop sat in the big chair, the picture of abject misery. A thousand awful thoughts came crowding through his mind, first that he had been foolish enough to exceed, he knew not by how much, his fixed quantum of champagne. He tried piteously to count up how many men had wished to drink wine with him that evening, but it was a piece of mental arithmetic far beyond his powers of calculation. Then he thought out a whole train of events which might arise in the very near future; of the scandalous rumours which might be set afoot within the next few hours of how the Lord Bishop of IDLEMINSTER had gone to make merry in the Officers' Mess, and had got himself inveigled into an affair with a hussy! He could not deny it. He had invited her to spend the night at the Palace. There was no getting over it, or under it, or round it. The situation was awful! And the cold sweat stood out on the Bishop's brow until his ecclesiastically long hair became clammy bedewed with the drops of agony; and, what was worse, all through this wave of searching anguish which threatened to entirely overwhelm him there persistently ran a little golden thread that TRIXIE ARMITAGE, hussy or no hussy, was the most winsome bit of femininity that he had met with for many and many a day. What a curious state of mind that man was in! Both soul and body torn between conflicting passions and elements, his own undoubted respectability and high morality warred fiercely with the loose ways of a child of sin! The vision of his dead wife, moral to a fault, with a face like a horse and a nature like a cow, played a game of "Pull, devil; pull, baker," with a golden-haired, blue-eyed imp of mischief with a skin of lilies and roses. He was in abject terror of what might come on the morrow, and, yet, his pulses were beating with a sharp sensation of excitement. Poor Bishop! How long they were! It did not usually take JARVIS so long to put the horses in when his master was waiting. To-night every moment seemed like an hour. Oh, somebody was coming at last!

(Continued in our next.)